Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit.

Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater stuft, and other skins,
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho Appothecarie.

Appo. Who calls so lowd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore.
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will dispearse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharged of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd

Doth

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue,
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou so bare and full of
And feareſt to die, famine is in thy
Need and oppreſſion ſtarueth in thy
Contempt and beggerie hangs vpo
The world is not thy friend, nor the
The world affoords no law to make
Then be not poore, but breake it an
Poti. My pouertie, but not my w
Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not t
Poti. Put this in any liquid thing
And drinke it off, and if you had the
Of twentie men, it would diſpatch y
Ro. There is thy Gold, worſe poyſo
Doing more murther in this loathſo
Then theſe poore cõpounds that tho
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy ſelf
Come Cordiall and not poyſon, go w
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* La
Ioh. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, broth
Enter Lawrence.
Law. This ſame ſhould be the voy
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſaye
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his l
Ioh. Going to find a barefoote bro
One of our order to aſſotiate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of t
Suſpecting that we both were in a h
Where the infectious peſtilence did
Seald vp the doores, and would not l
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there v

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3